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Poems

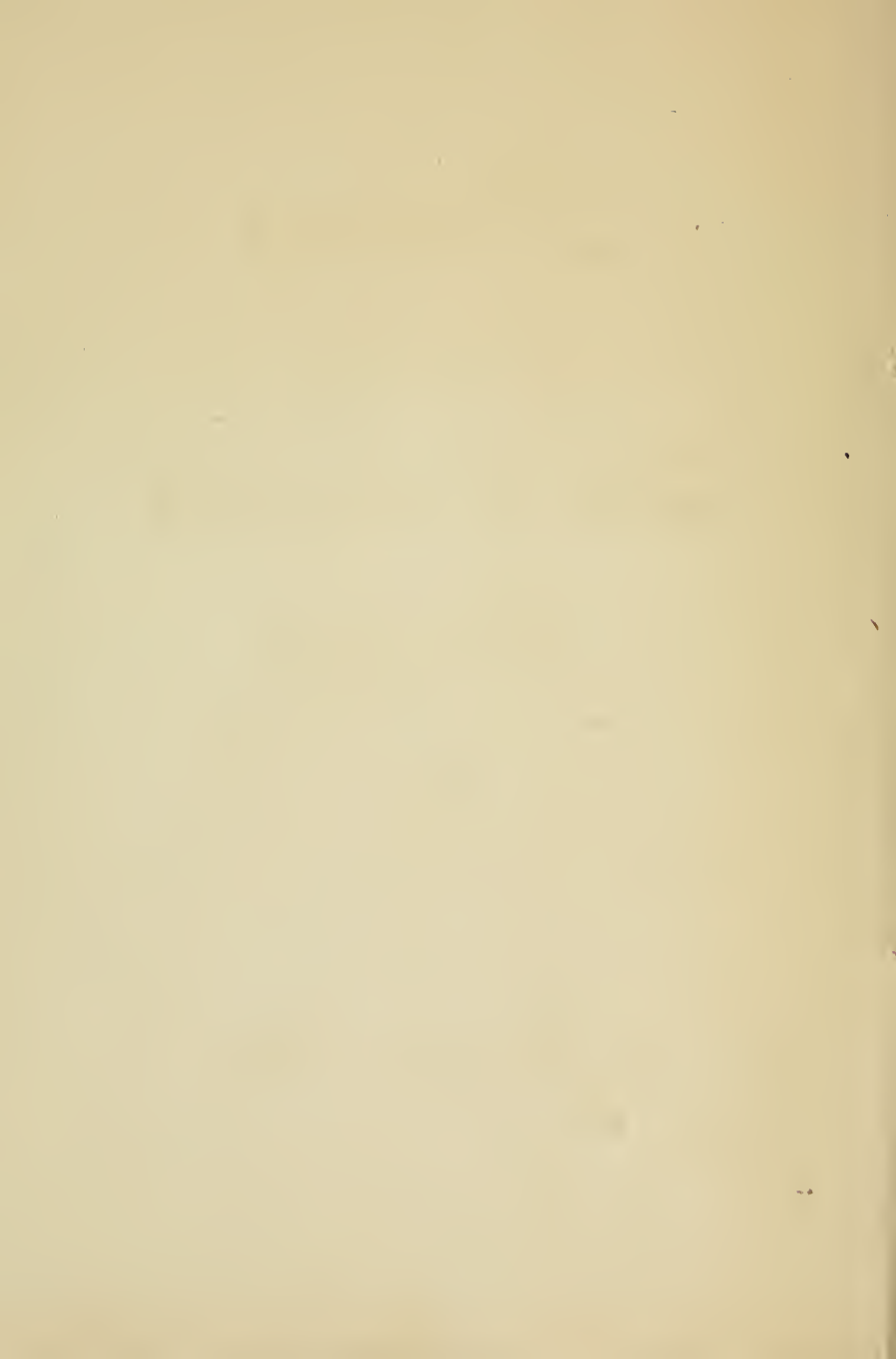
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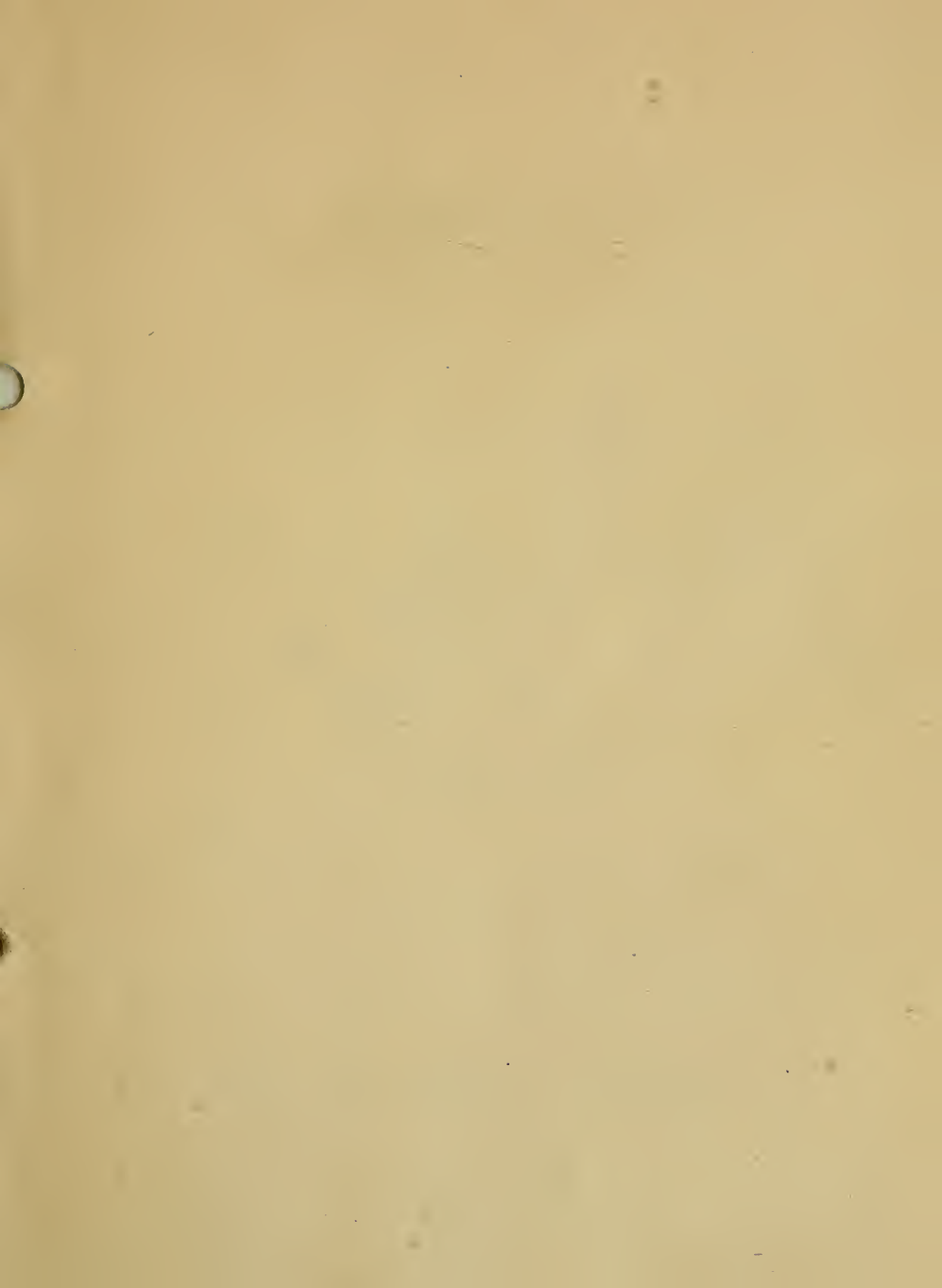
The Common People



:: BY ::

A Country Boy.





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By

Harvey M. Estes

Poems

For

The Common

People

By

Estes, Harvey Morris

A Country Boy.



PERFACE

PS 3509
STP 6
1913

As is set forth in the title, this little book will no doubt be read with pleasure by many of the common people. By the literary critic it will be considered, perhaps, more of a promise than a performance. That this is true the author admits. There are a good many things to be learned about poetry and since the author wrote his first poem in 1907, he has been able to see many of his shortcomings. However, there are a number of people who always read the poems with interest and very often clip them for the scrap-book. To comply with the request that the best be published in book form, we are placing "Poems for the Common People" before the public.

We trust that the indulgent reader will remember that these selections were written by a country boy, who has had few educational advantages, and when criticisms are to be offered, let them be made known to him for his improvement. To know that his little volume has done some good in the world; that it has brought a bit of sunshine into some life; that it has inspired greater faith in God and that some soul by reading it has been inspired to greater and nobler things, will be a source of gladness and may encourage the author to spend an hour or so occasionally courting the Muses.

HARVEY M. ESTES,

Georgetown, Ky.

Source unknown

By Transfer

JUN 8 1919

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HARVEY M. ESTES

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

Go little book to the office and home
 Thy message leave with men;
And when these lips have ceased to speak,
 Through thee I'll speak again.



Two of the ideals of my life
Are to be a great poet and have a good wife.



Playful, joyful, cheerful lays,
 Written in my boyhood days;
Sent to those who sympathize,
 With a common country boy,
Who deems it now his greatest joy,
 To begin a hope to realize.

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

PLOWING TIME.

O bring me out the turning plow
And make the mould-board shine,
And get the plow gear ready too;
For now its plowing time.

Give me, too, the faithful horse
That walks the furrows well;
That knows the plowman's "Gee" and "Haw"—
A horse I would not sell.

Many a day I've watched the soil
Turn before the plow;
Many a rock and root I've struck—
This job—I know just how.

The budding trees, the growing grass
I oft looked up to see,
As round and round the field we went,
This faithful team and me,

The preparation of the soil—
A task that pleasure brought;
For behind the turning plow
I labored in noble thought.

The city life I've tasted since,
With all its many beauties;

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

It takes away the quiet toil,
It gives perplexing duties.

Though now I live the life I planned
In happy plow-boy days,
And meet the problems of a man
Who seeks mankind to raise,

I often wish for just a day
In which to turn the sod;
To walk behind the turning plow
And think the thoughts of God.



DOWN IN THE 'BACKER PATCH.

I don't know the reasons,
But in rainy seasons
It gave me joy
When I was a boy,
To work in the 'backer patch.
All you must know
Is just get your row,
With a man to drop,
Then you must not stop
Down in the 'backer patch.

When the ground is wet,

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

The plants are set,
With a great deal of speed
But very little heed
Down in the 'backer patch.
For the boys you know
All wish to show
How fast they can set,
When the ground is wet,
Down in the 'backer patch.

When the 'backer's a growing,
The plowing and hoeing
Give plenty to do;
But there's nothing to chew
Down in the 'backer patch.
This fact I must tell,
If my task is done well,
When the 'backer worms come,
There's working some
Down in the 'backer patch.

To catch a worm
And watch him squirm
And spit his juice,
Before he's let loose
Is fun in the 'backer patch.
I'll leave it with you
To judge if it's true,
But I've heard it said

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

They'd bite off the head
Of a worm in the 'backer patch.

There's many a lad,
Who experience has had,
In hoeing and chopping
In suckering and topping
Down in the 'backer patch.
Men continue to chew
And the 'backer worm too;
So we fodder the man
And kill if we can
The worm in the 'backer patch.

It's needless to say
We welcome the day,
When the cutting is done
And one by one
The sticks leave the 'backer patch.
We say good-bye,
For the 'backer will dry,
The worm will die
And the farmer will sigh
For joy over the 'backer patch.



POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

IN THE CORNFIELDS OF KENTUCKY.

The following song is one of our most valued selections. Perhaps the reader will appreciate this fact better when I tell him about my experience in writing it. Turning to an entry in my diary of February 28th, 1912, I read with pleasure the account as it is given there: While on my way from the chapel building to the academy, in company with Mr. O. J. Steger, the words, "In the Cornfields of Kentucky," came to me with such sweetness that all school work and lessons left my mind. I thought of the hundreds of Kentucky boys, who belong to the Boys' Corn Clubs, of the farmers and how they toil through the summer in the corn fields and my own experience. Then I resolved in my mind that I would pay a tribute to the Cornfields of Kentucky.

I recited one lesson and, because the theme was impressed upon me so forcibly, I "cut" my other classes, left my books at my room, and started out for a secluded place where I could write without being disturbed. I went out the Frankfort pike to the road that turns down to the old water mill and when I had gone out it about 250 yards I climbed over behind the stone fence, where the sun would shine on me. It was somewhat cool, but I staid there about an hour and wrote the song.

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

In the cornfields of Kentucky,
In the early days of Spring,
I have often turned the furrows,
And I know the joy it brings.

CHORUS

In the cornfields of Kentucky,
Where I've toiled for many a day;
There are spots I'll ne'er forget,
Dearest friends who labor yet,
In the the cornfields of Kentucky far away.

In the cornfields of Kentucky,
When the summer sun shone bright,
We would watch the growing cornfields,
With a feeling of delight.

In the cornfields of Kentucky,
Fields of rip'ning corn I've seen,
With its silks and yellow tassels,
And its verdant hue of green.

In the cornfields of Kentucky,
How I long to be again;
With the sturdy busy farmers,
When the corn crop's gathered in.

The above song is published in attractive sheet music and sells for 10c per copy. Address orders to Harvey M. Estes, Georgetown, Ky.

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

THE BISCUIT BOARD

We love to think of noble deeds
Of victories fought and won;
Too often our eye would look so high
Till the little things we shun.

My thoughts go forth in sweetest lays
That pen and poet afford,
To the common thing of which few sing,
To the plain old biscuit board.

Three times a day throughout the year
On the biscuit board is fought,
Battles that are the greater by far
Than many men have thought.

For the business man who needs must think
And they who harder toil,
All face the day in a better way,
When soda doesn't biscuit spoil.

If I fail to notice that the woman,
A noble part here plays,
I'll give my pen to other men
To write the people's lays.

"Three cheers for the woman at the
biscuit board,"

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

Let kings and princes say;
For the biscuit board as well as the sword
Has helped to win the day.



THE ROLLING PIN

Having read the above poem, our friend, Mr. A. Lusby, thought that it would not be exactly right to pay such high tribute to the biscuit board and forget the rolling pin. So he sends us the following lines:

The biscuit board is a treasure dear;
For here it long has been,
But while it's won the victory,
So has the rolling pin.

With honor to the biscuit board,
You most commit a sin
To write about the biscuit board
And slight the rolling pin.

Now when the battle's to be fought,
And the dough is rolled out thin,
You'll never find the task complete
Without the rolling pin.

So when the dough is kneaded well

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

And the pie crust rolled out thin,
Upon the grand old biscuit board,
You'll need the rolling pin.

It will never do to part them now
Together so long they've been.
What could you do with the biscuit board,
Without the rolling pin.



OLD GEORGETOWN

When away from home
In other climes,
Enjoying life,
Having happy times,
My heart oft yearns
For a sight of home,
Where in childhood days
I loved to roam.

Chorus.

Old Georgetown,
My native home.
Old Georgetown;
For thee I long.
Tho far away
On land or sea,

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

Old Georgetown
I think of thee.

The schoolhouse yard,
Where I loved to play,
So many games
With friends each day
The loafing place,
The coasting hill
Are spots I love
And cherish still.

When for this town,
With its crooks and turns,
My heart with gladness
Often yearns
I think of friends
I love so well;
Yes, even more
Than tongue can tell.



Fearing lest his lines should not find a place in the columns of a paper, because of his lack of reputation, the author sent a few lines to the Sadieville correspondent of the Georgetown News, without making himself known. They seem to have been heartily received as you will notice from the remarks of the correspondent.

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

A TRIBUTE TO SADIEVILLE

Below are a number of verses, which were written by a childhood resident of Sadieville, and which show how this place is cherished and how it will long be remembered by those who started on life's pathway at this point:

In the northern part of Scott,
Not far from the county line,
Stands the little town of Sadieville,
With memories dear to this heart of mine.

For 'twas here that I was born
And my childhood days were spent,
Roaming oft with fond companions,
Enjoying life to heart's content.

Right well do I remember,
The schoolhouse on the hill.
Where I first pursued my studies
Preparing my place in life to fill.

When with other friends,
Hours of pleasure I would seek,
Then we'd take a little stroll
And go swimming in the creek.

Words have failed me to express it,

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

Or else to you I'd tell
How my heart goes out in gratitude
For that dear old public well.

Here on many a summer day
I my thirst would often slake,
Then stepping back I'd watch the others,
As they their turn would take.

O thou town that stands majestic,
On Eagle's classic hill,
Long may your inhabitants be as noble
As those that now thy dwellings fill.

Long may thy sons admire thee,
Long may thy daughters too,
And ever show where e'er they be
That their love for thee is true.
(Washington Boostermore,) Georgetown, Ky.



THE ATTACK OF McCLELLAND'S FORT

McClelland's Fort stood near the "Big Spring" in Georgetown. In recording the attack of the fort, one of the Kentucky histories gives it thus: "On the 29th of December, (1776) forty or fifty Mingo Indians attacked McClelland's Station, which was

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

defended by twenty men. Their chief, Pluggy, was killed, and after several hours fighting they were driven off; but John McClelland, the founder of the station, was mortally wounded, as was one other man, while two others were badly wounded. The fort was abandoned for a time, the survivors taking refuge at Harrodstown."

When brave old pioneers,
 Of Kentucky's early days,
Made through the canes and forest
 The settler's rugged ways,
Then it was
 That the red man found
He had an enemy
 To his hunting ground.

He saw the timber
 Being cleared away
And knew the scarceness
 Of his game each day;
And often vowed
 He'd try his best
Not to let the settler
 Drive him farther West.

'Twas in December
 That the Mingoës swore
No pale-faced hunter

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

Should trouble them more,
And with weapons in hand,
A war dance they had;
For each brave warrior
Was furiously mad.

In this same month,
On the twenty-ninth day,
Forty brave warriors
Made their way
Over hill and valley,
Across swollen stream
Till in the distance
Could be seen

The beautiful spring,
Their camping place,
Where often they'd rested
After the chase,
And eaten in peace
Of the deer and the bear
And drank from the fountain
That gushed forth there.

But now they saw
A fort near by
On which their foe
Would surely rely
For the protection

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

Of their life,
When in the war's
Turmoil and strife.

When chopping wood,
They spied a man,
Led by Pluggy
The war-whoop began;
For this daring chief
Did not fear
And with his men
He drew so near,

That John McClelland,
Behind the wall
Could see the leader
Men and all.
Then turning around
This man declared
That if the fort
Was ever spared,

Each man must aim
In such a way,
That not a bullet
Be lost that day
Then said he,
"You most remember
That ever since

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

The last of September.

Our ammunition
Has been so low
That seven of our number
Were compelled to go,
At the risk
Of their lives,
To secure us powder
And other supplies.

Take courage my friends
And comrades dear,
Though we be few,
We need not fear;
For the labors
Were not amiss
Which made a fort
So strong as this.

And if twenty men,
With bravery fight,
Those savage Indians
Will be put to flight
And many of their bodies
Will surely lie,
Upon the cold ground
To bleed and die."

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

Meanwhile the women and children,
In fear began to cry;
For said they, with sobs,
"This day we shall surely die."
But the brave Robert Todd,
Whose heart with love was filled,
Showed them a safer place
And bade them be still.

Scarcely had this hero
Uttered his last word,
Before the deadly crack
Of rifles were plainly heard,
And back and forth the bullets
Went flying through the air,
Each sent by a skillful marksman,
Whose aim was made with care.

Two hours or more had passed
And the firing soon must cease;
For the men behind the fort
Had ended the redman's peace
They had killed the noted Mingo,
Pluggy, the Indian chief,
And though scarce of powder
They felt a sure relief.

Their hearts were greatly saddened,
They met with great surprise,

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

When turning from the post of duty,
 This fact now faced their eyes;
Their leader, John McClelland,
 Lay gasping for his breath
And near him were two others,
 Wounded unto death.

That evening at the sunset
 A warrior's grave was made
And in the earth so cold
 The Indian chief was laid;
But now 'tis scarcely known
 'Tis an almost forgotten thing
That John McClelland's foe,
 Lies buried near the spring;

That the town in which we live
 Had such courageous men,
To fight its greatest foes
 And subdue them in the end.
How can we forget
 Our city hero's name,
Who fought and died for Georgetown,
 And deserves a hero's fame?

How can we neglect,
 Though busy every day,
To stop for just a moment
 Some kind respect to pay;

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

To those whose lot was cast
Where we are pleased to dwell;
To those, who came before us,
And played their part so well?

Well might every schoolboy
Know this story true,
And point out the grave of Pluggy
As others were won't to do;
For few Kentucky towns,
Besides this beautiful one,
Can tell of their brave heroes
And the daring deeds they've done.



THE KENTUCKY OF GRANDFATHER'S DAY.

When I look at the bluegrass pastures
And the farms in their hue of green,
When I view the world famed horses
As good as eye hath seen,
I think of the past that has gone,
Yet not so far away,
I think of the Past of Kentucky,
The Kentucky of grandfather's day.

I think of the pioneer days,
With the story of the savage wild

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

How he fought the early settlers,
When grandfather was a child;
Yes, I think of the hardships suffered
Which we shall ne'er repay,
To the pioneers of Kentucky,
The Kentucky of grandfather's day.

The story is sad but true,
Of the struggles that the "sixties" brought,
When arrayed against each other,
The sons of Kentucky fought;
But thanks for the common brotherhood,
Which we now have today,
'Tis a tribute to Kentucky,
The Kentucky of grandfather's day.

May we all learn to love her
And prize our heritage more,
The heritage that was left us
By our grandsires gone before,
And welcome oft the privilege,
Some kind respects to pay
To the dear old state of Kentucky,
The Kentucky of grandfather's day.



POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

A BACKWARD GLANCE

Almost forgotten are the faces
That at school I once beheld;
But sweeter still the memories
Of those friends I love so well.
O that I had the pleasure
Of meeting just once more
The schoolmates with whom I've often played
In those happy days of yore

How many boon companions,
Whose hopes at school were high,
Have we watched upon life's pathway
That now in the graveyard lie?
How many went to search
For fame in other climes,
And have by departing added
Sadness to those happy times?

How many boon companions,
In our childhood's happy land,
Have we had the pleasure
Of gripping by the hand,
And our stories then relating,
While we looked them in the eye,
Of sweethearts, friends and teachers,
In the school days now gone by?

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

We may learn of the schoolhouse changes
As the years come and go,
But when we view its inmates
Not one face we chance to know.
If our hearts are kind and tender,
We cannot keep from shedding tears
When we see how great the changes
Brought about by passing years.

Such is often our experience
In this common school of life.
Oft rejoicing in its pleasures,
Oft brought down by toil and strife
Yet we have a Master Teacher,
Who through life is always near,
And when our lessons are hard to master,
Speaks the needed word of cheer.



WISER AND STRONGER

All honor to the boys and girls
Throughout this land of ours,
Who go to school from day to day
And study till midnight hours
The boys and girls whose aims are high,
Who strive mankind to bless,
Who strive to put out sin and ignorance
And bring in righteousness.

Among this throng of splendid youth

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

From country, town and city,
I see a group with faces bright
That's oft looked on with pity.
They too have heard the upward call
And see a brighter day,
They are the students who go to college
And work to pay their way.

'Tis no disgrace to be poor,
Though some for the laborer sigh
Disgrace, indeed, it is to say,
"It's not worth while to try."
To those who mount such difficulties,
I would a tribute pay,
To the students who go to college
And work to pay their way.

Farmer, merchant, whoever you are,
When such a one you meet,
Making his way with expenses high
Yet earning bread and meat;
Employment, encouragement a hand-shake perhaps
A word that you might say
Will brighten the path of a college student,
Who works to pay his way.

Cheer up! Cheer up! my college friends
Your future is surely bright;
For openings are many for efficient men,

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

Who also love the right.
And the day to you will surely come,
When you'll rejoice to say,
"I'm glad, indeed, that I went to college,
Though I worked to pay my way."



A COLLEGE STUDENT'S MUSINGS

'Twas on the campus among the trees,
I seated myself to rest in ease;
A glorious place was this to me,
Where from all my studies my mind felt free.

But ah! who is there that cannot predict the fate
Of a college student in this sad state?
While here in ease I quietly lay,
I heard a voice across the way.

It came as is known by one and all,
From a place called Rucker Hall,
The thoughts of home came to my mind,
And best of all a friend of mine,

With whom I'd spent many happy hours
In the fond enjoyments, which were ours.
How fresh the memories of the evening drive,
When all of nature seemed alive;

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

When on the bush sat the cardinal red
Among the trees, which once seemed dead;
And even the voice of the old blue jay,
Added to the happiness of that day,

While beautiful flowers their fragrance lent
As past the gardens we quietly went;
Nor did the blossoms of the locust tree
Refuse to show themselves to me.

But above the scenery of mother earth,
I prized much higher the joy and mirth
Of moments spent in the evening ride,
While sitting by my sweetheart's side.

Before my musings were quite o'er,
They had not the brightness as before;
For the thought of having to part,
At this moment nearly broke my heart.

I rose to my feet and with an angry look
Began to regret the step I took,
In coming to college where work is done;
But not so much of frolic and fun.

I said hard things of the college rules,
I called the faculty a set of fools.
The supper bell rang and luckily enough
Before my speech became too rough.

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

Two hours hence and all I forgot;
For at Rucker Hall I had cast my lot,
With other boys of a similar fate,
But whose story I will not relate.

Suffice to say, a cure was wrought
Beyond anything that I had thought,
And on the morrow, when passing by,
A loving smile and a glance of the eye
Goes to prove the fact is true
That instead of one girl I now had two.



THE FACULTY

B is for Baxter, so mighty and grand;
A is for Armstrong, the English man.
D stands for Dawes, a Baptist preacher,
And R for Ryland, the Physics teacher,
Professors Fogle and Ragland, with their foreign
dialect,

In this line of instructors come next;
While Professor Rhoton, in his field hath
All the secrets of Astronomy and Math.
Three H's for Henry, Hinton and Hill
Ends the list and fills the bill.



THE BELLE OF THE BLUE

At Georgetown College,
Where the student strives
To enrich the world,
With better lives,
He gets new courage
His work to do
By the yearly appearance
Of the Belle of the Blue.

When the Alumni hears
That his Alma Mater,
Though achieving fame
Aspires to something greater,
He longs to look
The pages through
And find his picture
In the Belle of the Blue.

How often the student,
Who is less advanced,
Thinks of the interests
That will be enhanced
By any work
That he may do,
When he gets on the staff
Of the Belle of the Blue.

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

The Belle of the Blue
Will always be
A welcome guest
And friend to me;
A souvenir of interest
My whole life through,
Will be this attractive
Belle of the Blue.



The lines below were suggested by Pearl, my sister-in-law, while she was cooking supper. She looked at the coffee and remarked that it was as black as lye.

I believe,
If I should try,
I could make my coffee
As black as lye.

You must agree
That I'm not wrong;
If coffee is black,
It's also strong.

Good or bad,
What do I care;
For some one else
Can drink my share.

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

Jake Dunn Jr., a colored man, told me, while I was shucking corn in the field with him, that he had shucked corn when the shocks had to be prized open with a rail, because they were so badly frozen. In a jovial manner I composed the following and recited it to him there in the cornfield.

You'll have to watch Jake,
When there's nothing at stake;
For he'll tell some "whacks"
That are cracker jacks.

And try to make
A booger-boo
Just to see
What you will do.

If I had my way
With a man like that,
I'd shake him up
Like a dog shakes a rat;

I'd make him halloo
And I'd make him squeal,
Then turn him loose
In this cornfield.

And make him shuck
Till his hands got sore

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

And then he wouldn't tell
Such whacks any more.



OLD BEN AND JACK

Old Ben and Jack
Are two good dogs
That belong to the Estes family.
Old Ben hunts birds
And Jack drives hogs
All for the Estes family.

When we hunt the hare,
Both dogs are there,
To hunt for the Estes family.
We feed them well
I'm glad to tell
To the honor of the Estes family.

When I'm home again,
I hope old Ben
Will be with the Estes family.
As for Jack I'll say,
"He'll surely stay
Till death with the Estes family."



POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

THE FISHING TRIP

Who's that digging in the garden,
With the grubbing hoe and spade?
It's not time for other planting
And the lettuce bed is made.

O, I see, it's George and Willie,
Digging worms for fishing bait,
Mother I would tarry longer,
But to fish I cannot wait.

City life is very tempting,
But when to the farm I go,
All it's customs I leave behind me
And my boyish ways I show.

Now my pole and line are ready
And the worm is on the hook;
If good luck I'd have in fishing
At my cork now I must look.

While I sit with patience waiting,
To catch a perch, a "craw" or shad,
My mind goes back o'er all my childhood
To the happy days I've had.

Now my fishing trip is ended;
Three small perch I've caught today;

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

But my childhood I've lived over
Just while fishing in this way.



THE PET BIRD

The following poem and comment is given just as it was published in the Georgetown News, October 22, 1912:

Among the productions that represent my first efforts at writing poetry are a few verses written for May and Elizabeth Heberling, two little girls who live on South Hamilton. We were neighbors at that time and they often came to see me, bringing flowers or other presents, which they bestowed with such cheerfulness and assurance of welcome that sorrow and cares had to take their flight to make room for the joy and gladness that came into my life.

While I sat on the porch one evening studying my lessons, these little girls came over to see me, but they had not that cheerfulness to which I had become accustomed. It was evident that something had gone wrong. They showed me their pet bird that had died and all was clear to me. The sympathy of my own heart went out for them. This I tried to express in the following poem, which I give by special request:

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

'Twas on a pleasant evening,
While I sat on the porch and read,
That two little girls came to me grieving
Because their little bird was dead.

They told me how at evening
Their little pet had died
And I their sorrow seeing
To give them some comfort tried.

I told them men and living birds
Have all to pass away
That life with all the joy it brings
Is as fleeting as a day.

I bade them have cheer
Since another bird they'd get
But 'twas then I saw how dearly
They loved their little pet.

We, who do not sympathize
With those of younger years,
Should also realize
We've had our grief and tears.

And so to you my little friends,
I send my words of cheer,
Because a helping hand I lend
To those in trouble here.

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

THE FATE OF THE TITANIC

Our hearts were filled with wonder,
 When we chanced to see,
Described in many a paper
 That monster of the sea.
We read of its great length
 Its height into the air
And knew that none other
 Could with it compare.

Our hearts were filled with eagerness
 To read about the trip
Made across the ocean
 By such a mighty ship.
But when with little patience
 For news we chanced to wait,
How much our hearts were saddened
 To learn "Titanic's" fate.

Our hearts are filled with sympathy
 For those to whom it gave
Such unexpected grief
 For friends in a watery grave
May the wise and loving Pilot,
 Who o'er life has all control
Send the Spirit's wireless message
 For the comfort of each soul.

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

REMEMBER THE MAINE

This poem was written after the raising of the Battleship Maine.

Come all ye noble patroits
Of this our own fair land,
And let us together reason
About a matter now in hand.
Does it to you seem good,
Or do you believe like me,
That the battleship Maine
Should not sink beneath the sea?

I have looked upon the graves
Of long departed friends
And experienced the tender feelings,
Which such action always lends;
But far above these feelings
And farther on still yet,
The things for which they lived and died
I'll surely ne'er forget.

Remember the Maine, our battleship;
I heard the school boy cry;
But will he think of it 'neath the sea
Or see it with the eye.
Must we together say,
"Go forth thou craft of wondrous fame,

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

Where no eye shall look thee o'er
And there perish with thee
The names of the crew you bore."

Come teach me a better way
To keep my memory clear,
If after seeing, I forget the ship
That now I hold so dear.
For once I have the pleasure
Of seeing with the eye
The memories of crew and craft
Will linger till I die.



Listen to the message that I bring,
In words that in my heart doth ring;
Loving kindness of a young maiden so fair
Like the kindness of our Lord over there
Into some soul a message may bring
And cause them to say with a heart that is true,
"Now point me to Jesus who reconciled you."

Christ is the one who this work hath wrought
On this soul that he hath bought;
Christ is the one who salvation gives
He preserves our lives each day that we live.
Remember then what he has done
And carry his message to some one

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

Now in darkness and the power of sin.



FORGETTING.

When the greatest of earth's teachers,
Spoke of the sparrow small,
He made mention of its value
To Him who rules over all;
And said that our Heavenly Father,
Whose blessings we all must get,
When he looked upon His creatures,
The sparrow would ne'er forget.

Methinks, when I consider man,
With all his wondrous powers,
Placed above all other creatures
In this great world of ours,
With all his powers to think and reason,
To smell and hear and see;
'Tis hard, so hard to know just why
Some things should forgotten be.

How oft a kind and loving mother,
A father filled with care,
Have worked hard for sons and daughters
To give a blessing rare;
Then late in life, when greatest needs

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

And problems hard are met
They themselves are oft neglected
For children oft forget.

Indeed, it is deplorable
But what of our heavenly Father's
To forget a mother's love;
Shown from His home above?
Is not this the saddest fact
That we in life do face?
A soul now trusting in its God
Then doubting in His grace.



THE SPRING.

Again I come to the spring
That to drink I can scarce get enough.
Whose water is so cool and so fresh
That runs from the edge of the bluff,

How often on hot summer days,
When I was only a youth,
Have I quenched my thirst at this fountain—
Then communed with the God of all truth.

Oh the value of the sweet meditation
That I had as I sat by the spring;

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

My thoughts turned to God and the future
Yes, thoughts of what the future would bring

Yea, my troubles to God I would carry,
My plans I took to Him too;
And there I prayed by the spring:
"Father show me what I should do."

The God of all truth has guided
My erring feet to this day,
And as I come again to the spring,
With faith in His care I must say:

"In all thy ways acknowledge God
And he will be to you,
Peace and comfort in this life
When nothing else will do."



I stand upon the burying ground,
In which two friends are laid;
Though time hath made acquaintance short,
The best of friends were made.

The first to hear the call of death
I as a teacher knew.
We worked and studied with each other,
We walked together too.

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

While at the organ, the teacher sat
One evening after school,
He sang and played a favorite hymn
And enjoyed the air so cool.

"Jesus lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,"
Were the words that the teacher uttered
And then took sick to die.

The other a girl of fifteen years,
A noble spirit had;
Her life was a benediction,
Her death was very sad.

Two months or more I company kept,
With this young girl so true;
A nobler type of womanhood,
I confess, I never knew.

Now as I leave the burrying ground,
In which my friends are laid,
There's hope to meet them once again;
For peace with Christ is made.



POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

KNOCKING ON THE DOORS

Behold, I go knocking on the doors,
It's morals I wish to try;
I go calling from door to door
To see if folks will lie.

I call at a home where plain folks live,
The children come to the door.
I wish to talk to the head of the house,
But I talk to many more.

I bid them adieu, and again I stop,
This time at a home of wealth.
I wish to speak to the "lady of the house,"
But the cook says she has no health.

All the morning I keep knocking,
And the negroes answer the calls.
It's surprising to me such a sight to see;
The negroes have charge of the halls.

The answer to queries about the "head of the
house"
Are surprising and hard to believe;
But I give a few that you may see
And thus your conscience relieve.

"She's sick," "she's away," "it's such a bad day

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

She cannot come to the door,
"She's lying down and cannot come,"
And besides these many more.

The truth's the truth the world around;
With the lie it's just the same;
But some wish to avoid the plainest things
And call it another name.

There is an ear that heareth all,
To listen it is nigh;
So when you say, "tell them I'm away,"
Remember it's a lie.



TIME AND SPACE

There met my eye from the mountain high
The scenes of the valley below.
'Twas a pleasure to me, such a picture to see
The lessons that from it grow.

The sun shone bright and the morning light.
Made darkness cease to be;
But thoughts of fear and hope and cheer.
All came that day to me.

The scenes of earth all have their birth,

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

With us in babyhood;
Like the growing grass our years soon pass
And life's not understood.

The moments fly and for the eye
Changes oft take place.
And these may tell, if we listen well,
The limits of time and space.

Time and space, when we run the race,
Of life upon this earth,
Make some rejoice, till it seems their voice
Is always filled with mirth.

But others some, when once they come
To these limits God doth place,
Complain of their lot, forgetting all they've got,
Are things of time and space.

Now time and space we all must face
And accept their limitations;
But soon we'll see what it is to be
A soul of a new creation.



With the coming of the night shades,
Comes a shadow o'er my soul,
Yea, it comes when unexpected,

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

When of better things I've told.

For 'twas only yesterday
That I vowed, if I could,
I'd tell my readers how that all things
Worked together for the good.

At noon a message I wrote to others,
Telling them they ought to see,
The silver lining of dark clouds,
But now that message applies to me.

Lord, let my faith remain unshaken;
Let me say, "Thy will be done."
Oft this promise I have trusted,
Shall I then this instance shun?

Sadly I confess it's hard
My heavenly Father's ways to see;
"But His eye is on the sparrow
And I shall not forgotten be."



THE BUNCH OF DAISES TWO

I began this poem while sitting in a coach at
Lawrenceburg, Ky., waiting for the train to leave.
Looking down, I noticed the two daises that I had

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

found in a country grave-yard that morning and then, wishing I was in Georgetown, the contents of the poem were thus suggested to me.

The train was running backward,
On which I was to ride,
To a town in old Kentucky,
Where my sweetheart did reside;
And while looking out the window,
New scenes now met my view,
But for less were they in beauty
Than the bunch of daises.

I plucked them in the graveyard,
Because of beauty rare,
And they brought back sweetest memories,
While I was standing there;
Yes thoughts of future days
Came also then to me,
With sorrow, joy and gladness
And a friend to share with me.

The daises now are withered
Their beauty has passed away,
But they served a heavenly mission
On that bright summer day.
And to take a lesson from them
I hope that all life through,
Two souls may scatter sunshine,
As the bunch of daises, two.

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

COURTING IN THE COUNTRY

He hitched up his horse
 To the rubber tire new,
And went for a drive
 As the other boys do,
 When courting in the country.
Many roads he drove o'er,
 With his fancy turn-out;
Many maidens he saw
 As he frolicked about,
 While courting in the country.

'Tis an awful hard thing
 A girl to find,
And still harder to say,
 "I know she is mine,"
 When courting in the country.
He found a young maiden
 Of such beauty rare,
That he "cut out" at once
 All other callers there,
 Where he courted in the country.

Now custom demands
 Two calls a week,
When courting in the country;
But what did he care,
 If his bride he should meet,

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

While courting in the country.
His calls were made
With great regularity,
And she often shared
Of his unexcelled charity,
While he courted in the country.

"All thing go well,
I've nothing to fear;
That my bride I've won
Is now very clear,
Though I'm courting in the country."
And all was well
In his own eyes,
Till one Sunday evening
He met with surprise,
While courting in the country.

A handsome young man,
From a near by town,
With a new auto
Was speeding around,
Where he courted in the country.
The car and the driver
Caught the maiden's eye,
And it's the only reason,
That he gives why
He's courting no more in the country.



POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

Winter speaks of sleeping nature,
Spring of life again renewed,
Summer gives us growth and beauty
Autumn leaves us clothes and food.
So the seasons each a story,
Bring to all who listen well;
But in writing I grow narrow,
As I to one a story tell.
'Twas in the month of October,
Five long years and more ago
That I first with pen and paper
And a heart with love aglow
Set to work to make a rhyme.
Though poor, indeed, I wrote some lines
That to a friend expressed
All my heart's fond affections
For the one to whom addressed,
As I wrote at that time.
Time has left so many changes;
Poems oft I've written since,
Time has made life's outlook differ;
That persons loves another, hence
I love you.
Time will bring its changes yet;
We know not what the future holds;
Friends may fail us, yes the best;
But till all this life unfolds
I'll be true.

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

On the morning of November 13, 1911 I received a letter from mother and in it she sent a picture of Lillian and Donal. This I was, indeed, glad to receive. So glad was I that I sat down and expressed my feeling in this little poem.

A letter much expected came
Came in this morning's mail,
And at a glance I noticed
A picture with joy hailed.

'Twas my little sister, Lillian
And Donal, my youngest brother,
Whose faces I saw again
As they stood beside each other.

The smile on Lillian's face
Called forth the thoughts of home
And the memories of that dear old place,
Where in childhood I loved to roam.

How much such things are cherished,
Since they give pleasure in many ways
And bring back ere they perish
The memories of former days.

Your likeness now I behold
But ere many days have gone,
I'll spend vacation with you
In the enjoyments of home.

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

This poem was written about the first of November 1911, while I was thinking of the friends and loved ones at home.

I think of friends now far away
That I've not seen for many a day,
Of father, mother, sister and brothers,
Whom I love on earth above all others.
How dear, the memories of childhood days,
Come to my mind in sweetest lays;
Memories so fond and tender yet,
Though far away I'll ne'er forget.
How I romped and played from night till morn
At the dear old homstead where I was born.
The orchard furnished the apple, grape and cherry;
'Twas a father's love to make me merry.
A ride and a wreck, with four horses so brave *
Left a scar on my head that I'll carry to the grave.
The story of the old schoolhouse and many school
mates

Is one that we all must sadly relate.
Seven years in their swiftness soon rolled around
After we moved to our home near a small country
town.

'Twas here a change in my life took place,
And God came to save me by His grace;
'Twas here I left with a sorrowing heart,
A new career in my life to start.
Today, as I think of God's care in the past,

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

My faith is increased in His care to the last.
And He who has been my help and stay
Will keep me in the narrow way
Till life with all its cares is gone
And I meet with loved ones in that better home,
Where together we shall be
Throughout an endless eternity.

* The four horses referred to above were my three older brothers and a cousin. They were pulling a small cart on which I was riding and as a quick turn was made before the rock door-step the cart upset, with the results mentioned in the poem.



WHERE IS MOTHER?

Brother, brother, where is mother?

Is she at home tonight?

I'm tired of my dolls and other toys;

I've played with other girls and boys;

I've had my troubles and my joys,

And now it's mother, for not other

Can take her place tonight.

Sister, dear, she is not here;

She's now a suffragette,

She's gone her place in the club to fill;

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

She's gone to discuss the income bill;
She's gone her place in the race to fill;
She's entered the fight for a woman's right;
She's now a suffragette.

Brother, brother, please call mother,
I'm tired as I can be;
Let papa go to the poles and vote;
Let papa sign the check and note;
Can't papa plan and work promote?
Brother, brother, please call mother;
It's mother I want to see.

Sister, on't cry, now came reply,
The nurse will care for you;
The nurse will see that your pet is fed;
The nurse will fix your little bed;
The nurse will hear when your prayers are
said;
She, too, will lay your shoes away;
The nurse will care for you.

The nurse will do what I want her to,
But she can't take mother's place,
It's mother's kiss that heals the bruise;
It's mother I want to care for my shoes;
It's mother that loves to hear the news,
When by my bed, my prayers are said;
She can't take mother's place.

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

O brother Lee, won't you love me,
While mother's gone away.
I think the nurse is very kind;
She'll do to care for the sick and blind,
But there isn't a nurse that you can find,
Can give my mother's good-night kiss.
O how her cheering words I miss.
Now brother Lee, won't you love me,
While mother's gone away.



My first effort at hymn writing:

My sins, O Lord, I have seen;
Thy justice by Thy Word is made known,
But Jesus in love came to me
And fear with sorrow has flown.

Chorus

Lord Jesus, my life Thou hast bought;
O make me a blessing to men;
Thy Spirit in prayer have I sought
That souls to Thy cross I might win.

Help me by Thy Word to declare
That the sinner is by justice condemned
That God in His love did not spare
His Son though He dearly loved Him.

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

In shame, my weakness I plead
Man's sin and Thy love to proclaim;
But grace to help in my need
Is promised by prayer in Thy name.

As time is fast passing away,
And my race of life will be run,
May I serve Thee in love today
And hear Thy sweet voice, "Well done."



My first poem to be published was written about
the death of my uncle, Mr. Charles M. Adams, and
published in the Central Record.

The Angel of Death
Came to our home,
And in our sadness
We seem alone.

A father dear,
With tender love
Has from us gone
To his home above.

Tho he is in comfort
And we in pain,
In Heaven above
We'll meet aain.



POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

IN MEMORY OF A DEPARTED FRIEND

O Father of wisdom, mercy and love
Who showeth goodness from above,
Thou art great in knowledge and exceedingly wise
To give us the blessings of these earthly ties;
By them together we are closely bound
In the family ties of husband and wife
Yet in our earthly cares we oft forget
That we must sometime depart this life.
Teach us Father, how to bear
The grief we have, the sorrow of heart,
When our loved ones have passed over there,
And we remember that we must depart.
"We all the debt sometime must pay,"
Is the message of Thy Word.
"God is love" may we say,
When these words we once have heard.
For then our thoughts are on the mansions,
Which our Savior has gone to prepare;
And we think of the heavenly blessings
That with our loved ones we shall share.



Lord Jesus, I may long
For the shining paths of wrong;
But give me strength I pray
To keep in the narrow way.

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

Chorus

Lord Jesus, thou are watching
As I pursue my way;
Lord Jesus, thou are watching
My every deed each day.
Then to my prayer attend
That this life I may amend,
Which thou hast bought with thine own
precious blood.

O how the cares and strife
Come in upon my life
And fain would claim the love
I've promised Him above.

May love in me be found
For lost souls, who all around,
In darkness do abide,
Knowing not the Crucified.

Blest message rec'd of Thee
That this day is given to me
A chance to point the sin-sick soul
To the Shepherd of the fold.



POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

SIN!

Sin! Sin! Sin!

The sinfulness of sin;
To picture its awfulness
Who can begin?

Lives there a man,
Who cannot see
That sin's as black
As it can be?

Behold father Adam
And mother Eve,
If this truth
You would believe

Behold them leaving
Paradise;
Leaving peace
For sin and strife.

Think you, to them,
This truth wasn't plain.
If not, behold them
Once again.

Behold them now
As father and mother,

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

Burying a son
Murdered by a brother.

Only two sons
Providence gave;
One is a murderer,
The other in the grave.

Sin! Sin! Sin!
The sinfulness of sin;
To picture its awfulness,
Who can begin?



TIME AND TALENTS

The pastor knows
The member goes,
And pays his money too,
To places many
Where not any
Of good he hopes to do.
But if you knew,
The pastor's prayer
Is made for you
When you are there,
Surely your time
And money too

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

Would be used
For the good they'd do.



SWEET SMELLING BLOSSOMS OF THE LOCUST TREE

O sweet smelling blossoms of the locust tree,
I bid thee welcome back to me;
For thou hast brought by thy perfume
The hearts of men near in tune.
Thy blossoms white that grow so high
Are free to every passer-by.
And thus by thy fragrance rare
The rich and poor thy blessings share.
O sweet smelling blossoms of the locust tree,
This is the message you've brought to me
'Tis not the bird that seldom sings
Nor the kind acts that are seldom done,
But the busy hands at little things,
Kind deeds and words to every one
That make the old feel younger
And bless the greatest number.



POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

WHEN THE DEED IS DONE

A thought comes to the mind of man,
A fore-runner of the deed;
Now thoughts are bad as well as good,
So to your thoughts take heed.

Murders, thefts, the basest crimes,
Before the deeds were wrought,
Seemed not so vile to those who gave
Themselves the evil thought.

But bye and bye the thought indulged,
The deed is soon committed;
Then sin appears and man in tears
Would plead his sins remitted.

A word of warning I would drop;
If evil you would shun,
Think how you will feel and what you'll say
When the deed is done.

Sorrow and remorse is brought
To all beneath the sun,
Because we cannot see what the end will be,
Before the deed is done.

When once the deed has been committed,
The results we cannot shun;

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

So think and think what the end will be,
Before the deed is done.



THE WRITERS OF TODAY

There is nothing is so new,
With the Gentile and Jew ,
In the moral and spiritual world;
But the man with the pen
Has again and again
His thoughts thereon unfurled.

So the man of today,
Who would make his way
Among the men of fame,
Must the better express,
Must clothe in new dress
The thoughts that are the same.

A task! 'tis true
For me and you,
To be distinguished so;
But speech isn't set
And men forget
As the years come an go.

A mission to the age

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

Had the poet and sage,
 In which their years were spent;
Our duties are
The greater by far—
 To a greater age we're sent.

Then to our task
The people ask
 That we shall ever be,
And the good that's done
And the honors won,
 We'll know in eternity.



OUR NEEDS OF TODAY

I love to think of the daring faith
 The early settlers had;
Of how they subdued the wilderness
And left a land of fruitfulness
 To make their children glad.

Their customs too, I oft admire
 And regret that some pass by;
The old log church and schoolhouse too,
In which to serve, one room would do,
 Seldom meet my eye.

POEMS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

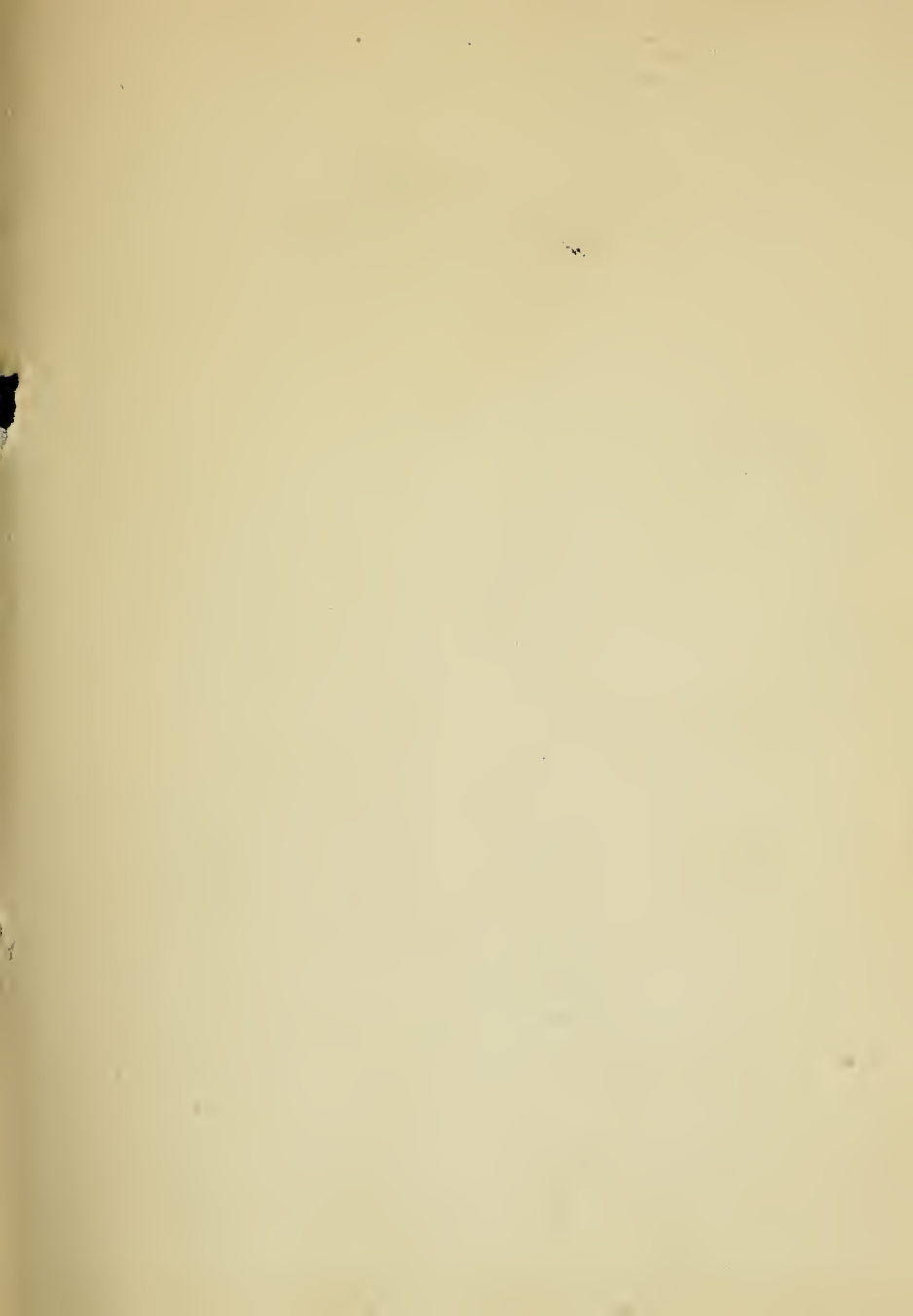
But my surroundings plainly tell
That progress has had its way;
That on my left and on my right
Calls are made for me to fight
The problems of today.

Strong faith I need and courage too
To obey the King's command,
But not the kind to fell the tree;
It's another find for you and me
That's needed in our land.

It's the kind that sees a restless age,
Yet one in which to serve.
The millions sit in heathen lands
With their idols in their hands—
To go, takes a steady nerve.

I bid good-bye to the schoolhouse and church
The buildings—let the churches stay;
I look on the harvest that's now grown white
And pray to be inspired by such a sight
To face our needs today.





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